

A
LETTER
²¹ FROM
Maj. General Massey
TO AN
HONOURABLE PERSON
IN
L O N D O N.



L O N D O N:
Printed for *Thomas Bateman*, 1659.



A LETTER from Major General
Massey to an Honourable Person
 in *London*.

Noble Sir!

I Will dispense a while with my tedious Privacy and Retirement, which the Violence and Injustice of a Junctio and their Myrmidon *Oliver* enforced me to, and breath a little free *Englisb* Aire in the Contents of this Paper: Withall to give you to understand, that I do yet, by Gods goodness, survive the implacable malice of mine Enemies, and have a life devoted, and to sacrifice to my Countries Happinels and Honour: And this not out of Ostentation, or any Presumption of my *Interest*, (for I could wish there was no such factious *Englisb* word) which is no more than the bounden Duie of every good Subject, in promoting by all lawfull means and endea-

vours, the Peace and Prosperity of the Kingdom : but that these difficult times do require a Review and Copie of the former and past Transactions of the State ; wherein no man will deny I have had in both Fortunes my extraordinary share.

Sir, I need not make this Defence to you for this trouble (for you have been weaned to greater) the Universall Crie of the Nation is yet resounding in your ears, and you have still but the Rudiments, the Introduction to their future Importunities ; the People being so wary and weary of all Counsels tending to the prolongation of their Distractions, that they will make unjust Judges by their reiterated and urged Demands willing to comply. And while I think on that generall Desire of the three Kingdoms, I cannot restrain my self, but bring what I can to its conducement, and shall therefore liberally decypher to you my thoughts, and discover my self in this Pourtraicture of my mind.

Towards the expiration of my Command
and

and Government of the City of Gloucester, (a place famed for its Fidelity to the Parliament) I found their animosity against the Kings Partie so flaked, before the War was near extinct, that I could not but examine my self; in which scrutiny I saw the raked sparks of Loyaltie necessarily flying upward, and surmounting the clouds of male-content and envious exhalation. Afterwards in my *Publiick Trust* (as being a Member of this now-sitting Parliament) I perceived such a relenting, such compassionate considerations, of that hitherto unaccountable expence of blood, such moderate and equal ways to a Settlement, that it was most plainly apparent, as *Vox Populi* is *Vox Dei*, that without the establishment of our ancient Government, there could be neither Peace nor Order. And now since to this time, we have seen such a deluge of confusion, one oppression ushering in another, one Power crushing and crushed by the other, all of us made Brethren by Calamity, as by another first Nature: What else can

can be added to our misery, but that we are resolved and content to be miserable?

And this being the true state of our case, being alarm'd on all sides from abroad, awakened from our brain-sick Dreams at home, having nothing to fear within us, no danger if we be honest from without, why do we boggle at our Peace; What's the *remora* to our Safety? a few inconsiderable *Anabaptists* must have the Reputation here which they had not at *Munster*, to be able to obstruct our happiness. Certainly never any Souldier dreaded them, for they will make as Schismatical Armies as Congregations, and be as many divisions as Conventicles. Why then do we not proceed directly to a Settlement? I take that for no politick Maxime, *The farthest way about the nearest way home*, for what *Lyncus* eyes can spie any danger obviating such a course? What need have we of the *Fabian Cunctation*? What potent Enemy is at door, except you reckon my Lord *Lambert*? Believe me, all delays are dangerous, and our wounds

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wounds rankle, and what folly is it when we may be cured *gratis*, afterwards to pay the Chyrurgeon his own Demands?

We are lost in a Wood, let's make all speed to get out; we are non-plust and baffled at our own Argument, 'twill be no disingenuous fallacy [*Petitio Principii*] and beg the Question; which an honest Subject, though a bad Scholar, may English [*Petition the Prince.*].

I have made this Essay, no way doubting but that it is the onely Consult of the Parliament, and their sole Business of Concernment: To which purpose I am not so remote, but if the least shadow of disturbance should appeare, I am ready at all points to do my Devoir. Sir, I kiss your Hands, and remain,

Your most faithfull Servant,

WILLIAM MASSET.

Febr. 25.

FINIS.